



THE VASE

& Other Bric-a-Brac

By James Jeffrey Roche

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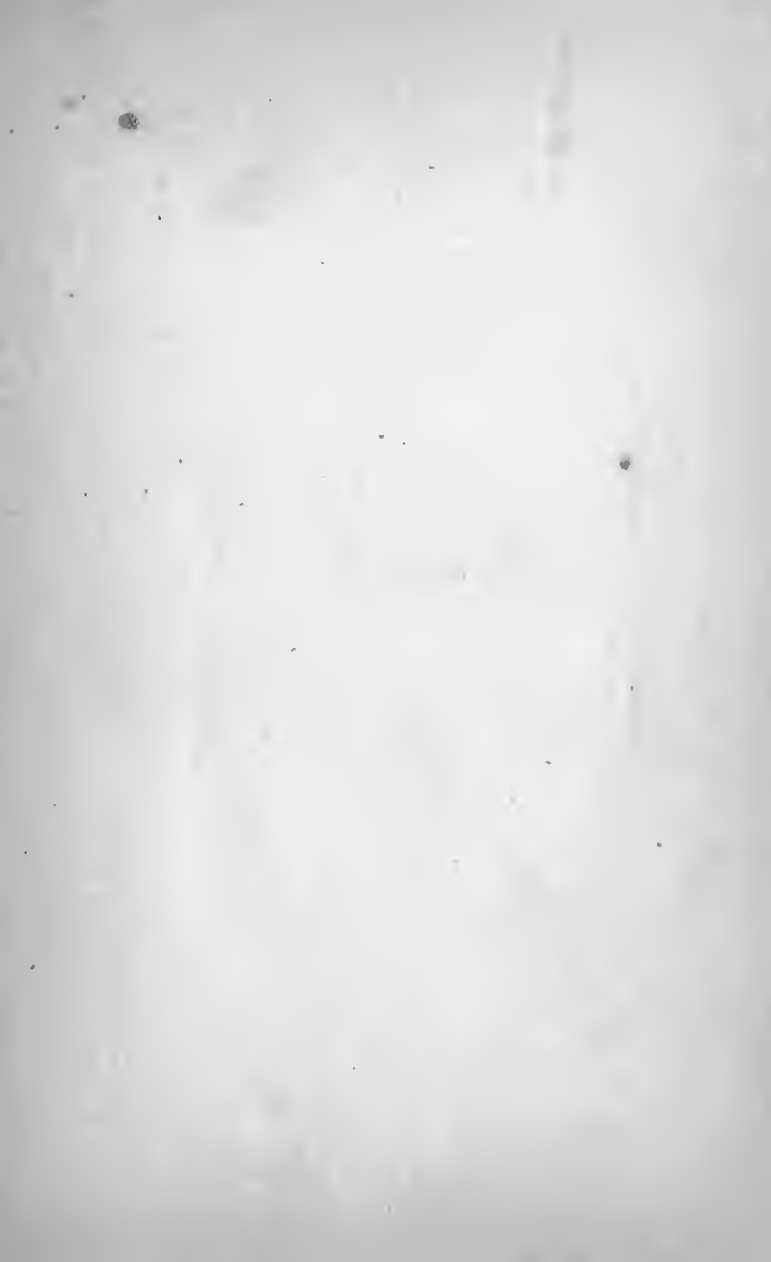
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





BOOKS BY
JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

Her Majesty the King

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Ballads of Blue Water

The Story of the Filibusters

Life of John Boyle O'Reilly

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

First Impression, October, 1898

Second Impression, January, 1899

Third Impression, June, 1899

Fourth Impression, September, 1899

Fifth Impression, in Preparation

When a book goes along in this steady fashion, with no sudden fits and starts occasioned by extensive advertising, it is apt to be a pretty good book, a book that one can sit down to read with a feeling of security. This is the record of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche's remarkably clever satire of to-day, entitled

Her Majesty the King

One man recently bought 25 copies to distribute to his friends. The press has quite unanimously agreed with the *Boston Journal* in hailing it as *the wittiest book of the year*. It has 16 full-page pictures as clever as the text.

Uniform with *The V-A-S-E and Other Bric-à-Brac*

12mo. Cloth, ornamental, \$1.25

*Of all booksellers, or sent, postpaid,
on receipt of price by the publishers*

Richard G. Badger & Co.

BOSTON

The V-A-S-E

&

Other Bric-à-Brac

BY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

Author of "Her Majesty the King," etc.



RICHARD G. BADGER & CO.

BOSTON

1900

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SECOND COPY,

33444
May 18.99.

DEDICATION.

*And this was the toast of the Klondike men,
The honest miners' toast :
" Oh, luck will come and luck will go,
But a true love stands by you whether or no : —
So here's to the girl, the same old girl,
The girl we love the most ! "*

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The V - A - S - E
&
Other Bric-à-Brac



The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art ;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

.

Long they worshipped ; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said : “ What a lovely vace ! ”

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham’s haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries : “ ’Tis, indeed, a lovely vase ! ”

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims : “ It is quite a lovely vabs ! ”

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs : “ Oh, pardon me !

“ I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws ! ”

Dies erit prægélida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

A BOSTON LULLABY.

BABY's brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence.
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastrics tell him
 Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
 Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
 Let the world go wrong or right —
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
 To its chances for the night.

THE EDITOR'S WELCOME.

WHEN his maddened foreman utters imprecations
on his head

For the "copy" that's unwritten and the proofs
that are unread;

When his letters lie unopened by the dozen and
the score

And the manuscripts flow over from the table to
the floor;

When he fain would weigh and measure the po-
tential "fake" or "scoop,"

That may make or mar his paper — damn it flat,
or make it whoop;

When he's "busy" — which is always — four-
and-twenty hours a day —

Then the Bore, whose name is Legion, comes and
never goes away.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Comes and roots in the exchanges, in the books
and magazines,
Reads a manuscript half written and inquires what
it means ;
Has a joke that won't hold over, and "you really
ought to know" —
It was told to Psalmanazar 40,000 years ago.
And he reads this humble legend and believes I
speak him true
When I say: "You know, old fellow, this does
not apply to you."
Oh, the waste of precious lying, unprofessional
and vain !
Naught of ease or comfort buying, naught of
gratitude or gain !

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Do you seek the busy lawyer, in the chambers or
the court ?

Do you bid the earnest doctor turn from business
unto sport ?

Do you climb the pulpit stairway, droning in the
preacher's ear ?

Do you babble at the captain ? chatter with the
engineer ?

No, you bet your life you doesn't ; but you read
this fable plain,

And "*de TE narratur*" never penetrates your pre-
cious brain.

FROZEN OUT.

A TALE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL A.D. 19—.

COME hither, little Britisher, and listen while I tell
About the great climatic change that long ago
befell.

Take off your little Arctic shoes, hang up your
reindeer hood,

And you shall have some blubber pie if you be
nice and good.

'Twas in the old and wicked days your Uncle
Sam began

To dig his great canal beside the river San Juan ;
And when they saw him work so hard and get
along so slow,

The foreign nations laughed ha ! ha ! and eke
they laughed ho ! ho !

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

But when the work was done at last, and he
began to build
His mighty forts on either side, with anger they
were filled.
They met in hasty conference one morning at
Berlin,
The very day that he had fixed to let the water in.
And as the water and the talk did simultaneous
flow,
The Carribean Sea ran dry and the Gulf of Mexico.
The great Gulf Stream which used to wash and
warm all Europe free
Was siphoned through the new canal into the
Southern Sea.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Next day a little Cablegram covered with ice and
snow

Came staggering over to Sandy Hook, and this its
tale of woe :

A wave of more than Arctic cold had suddenly
ariz,

In spite of grammar or precedent, and the whole
of Europe friz.

And every port was blocked with ice, and every
town with snow ;

You could travel on skates from Liverpool to the
Bay of Biscay O.

The *savans* all were at loggerheads the reason to
unfold ;

For some maintained it was lack of heat, others
excess of cold.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

“Whatever the cause,” said the Cablegram, kicking its frozen heels,

“Europe for sympathy and help to its Uncle Sam appeals.”

“The reason is plain,” said Uncle Sam, and he winked his aged eye;

“You’ve neglected to pay your water rates, and I’ve cut off the supply.”

He laughed ha! ha! and he laughed ho! ho! did wily Uncle Sam,

As he sent in his little bill of costs by the little Cablegram.

The air of Europe was black that day with blasphemy and sin,

But the nations did as we all must do when the plumber’s bill comes in.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

\$100,000,000,000 cash! and, oh! they roundly
swore

When they found the Gulf Stream didn't flow as
it useter did before.

It was a pious dodge, my child, to put down war
and slaughter,

For it made the nations keep the peace to keep
'em out of hot water.

A SLAVE OF DUTY.

I MAY not love my enemies

With all the fervor that I ought to ;

I may not bless them on my knees

For cursing me, as I was taught to.

But though the wrong that's done to me

I can forgive with Christian meekness,

A crime against Society

To palliate were worse than weakness.

So when a statesman insincere

(Who used me ill) seeks my assistance,

I find the path of Duty clear

And level for a wondrous distance.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Or if a critic choose to say
My prose is dull, my verses stupid,
And I can send a shaft his way,
I will not use the bow of Cupid.

Revenge for private deed or word
Of injury, I scorn to treasure;
But where my sense of Right is stirred
Then duty is indeed a pleasure!

A MAINE MELODY.

By Chesuncook's savage shore
(Never named in verse before);
By the wilds that lie between us,—
Pemadumcook, Ripogenus,—
By thine only rival, Venus,—

Yea, by Maine's own patron saint,
By Gum! I swear, this weather ain't
As cool, or warm, or generally
As suitable as it would be
If Time and tide were ruled by Me!

CONTENTMENT.

I'D rather be handsome than homely !

I'd rather be youthful than old !

If I can't have a bushel of silver,

I'll do with a barrel of gold.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

TO BE FREE.

OH, to be free from the mockery of artificial life !
From weaving words into webs of air — from end-
less, useless strife ;

From the effort vain to prove again truths old and
cold as earth ;

Exhausting the brains of thinking men for fools
of little worth !

For “ Two times two is four,” you say ; and there
is an argument :

Four “ is ” or “ are ” ? they ask straightway.

And so is our short life spent.

For body is naught and clothes are all with folk
who think they think,

Whose minds are cloaked in a sable pall deep dyed
in cursed ink.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

The Man is he who despises words and makes us
a thing of use —

A ship, a house, a law that works, or a timely
gallows noose ;

And next to him is the man who sings a song to
wrench the heart,

Or paints a picture to stir the soul, a something
more than Art.

But gossip-mongers and decadents who write in
journalese,

To whom all tragedies are “events” — God save
us from all of these !

And save us, too, from the motley crew who fol-
low Fashion's fads

And read whatever they're told to read by literary
cads !

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Give me a cot with her I love, where the river
weds the sea,
The daily need of bread above, and a book, or two,
or three ;
With never a care for what's to come, nor grief
for what is past ;
For Mother Earth, who gave me birth, will give
me a bed at last !

A CONCORD LOVE-SONG.

SHALL we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
 And the Present Past ?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
 With thee be cast ?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
 Of the How and Why !
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
 That fain would die !

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind !

When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind !

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
Itself of woe ;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
 No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
 An Usness rare !

THE NET OF LAW.

THE net of law is spread so wide,
No sinner from its sweep may hide.

Its meshes are so fine and strong
They take in every child of wrong.

O wondrous web of mystery !
Big fish alone escape from thee !

CONSTANCY.

My first love was pretty Jeanette,
She was saucy, sixteen and a flirt ;
I was ten ; but I wince even yet,
When I think how my feelings were hurt.

Fifteen found me awkward and shy,
Instinctively fearing the fair,
And a glance from dear Emily's eye
Made me blush to the roots of my hair.

At twenty I suffered again ;
Was it Mollie ? or Maud ? I forget ;
I but know I was prisoner then
To a finished and cruel coquette.

There were others — some six, seven, eight —
In the lustrums that followed too fast ;
Some smiled, and more frowned ; pretty Kate
Was the loveliest, *i.e.*, the last.

And now I am old and blasé,
I have long since forgotten to blush ;
My hair, what there is of it's gray,
And I comb it quite well with a brush.

I look back on the loves of my youth
And my mild mediæval affairs,
And I think of one angel of truth
Whom I've long entertained unawares,
Who has loved me through good and through ill,
And, although I am laid on the shelf,
Who believes me a paragon still —
Hail, truest of lovers, myself !

A TITLE CLEAR.

MAYBE it was the Sunday fare ;
 Maybe the Sunday sermon ;
Perhaps 'twas but a plain nightmare —
 I never can determine.

I dreamed I was an errant shade,
 With other shadows hieing
Along a road whose downward grade
 Was simply terrifying.

Before them all, with haughty head,
 One held the chief position,
Whose lofty mien and stately tread
 Proclaimed his high condition.

While in the eyes of all the rest
 Sat trouble and dejection,
His gold-rimmed orbs alone expressed
 Approving introspection.

We reached a river and embarked
Upon a galley gloomy ;
The seat the stranger took, I marked,
Was elegant and roomy.

When Charon came to punch his fare,
The awe-inspiring spectre
Transfixed him with a stony stare,
And seemed to say, " Director."

We reached at length the heavenly gate —
The press had free admissions —
The common herd was forced to wait
And loaded with conditions.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

The stranger handed in his card,
While round the door we hovered,
And to the high celestial guard
His shapely head uncovered.

I saw St. Peter smile and bow,
Urbane and deferential;
The stranger's greeting was somehow
A shade more consequential.

"Angel!" the saintly tyler cried,
A page straightway appearing,
(I don't remember that I tried
To wholly keep from hearing.)

I caught the words "Orchestra chair —

Be sure you get the right one —

See the harp-tuner ; and take care

The halo is a bright one.

"Look lively, too," St. Peter said,

"The gentleman is waiting."

"Please register" — he bent his head,

The great book indicating.

The stranger wrote, I read the scrawl

The sacred page engrossed on ;

The name was naught, the place was all,—

"J. Winthrop Wiggins, Boston."

“TO JIM BYRNE.”

[My Old Friend, James Byrne, Esq.]

WHEN first I met you, short and stout,
You wore a velvet roundabout,
Yaller and red, and filled it out,
Jim Byrne.

You wore, likewise, a blissful smile;
The heart beneath it knew no guile;
You haven't yet forgot the style,
Jim Byrne.

One day to test our school-boy grit
They set us fighting and we fit,
And when 'twas over, I was “It,”
Jim Byrne.

I loved you then, I love you now,
Though forty years have tried to plow,
In vain, some furrows on your brow,
Jim Byrne.

But now you're getting old, J. B.,
The leaves are turning on the tree ;
May Autumn treat you tenderly,
Jim Byrne.

And when your latest day is done,
And all your deeds weighed one by one,
I'm sure the sentence will not run :
" Jim, Burn ! "

CARVAJAL THE THOROUGH.

I LOVE a man who does his work,
 Whate'er it be, as best he can ;
Old Carvajal, a perfect Turk
 In wickedness, was such a man.

His life was one protracted fight :
 He sacked old Rome at sixty-four ;
At eight-three his appetite
 Was unimpaired for strife and gore.

He followed where Pizarro led,
 Nor questioned of the right or wrong,
But "took life easy," as he said,
 And fortune as it came along.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

At last it led him down the road
His foes had often marched before ;
A pious padre by him strode
To shrive the doomed conquistador.

“Dost thou forgive thine enemies ?
I fear their roll is long, my son.”
Old Carvajal, in mild surprise,
Made answer, “Father, I have none.”

“No enemies ! Can such a grace
To any erring mortal fall ?”
A smile lit up the grim old face :
“None, padre, none ; I slew them all.”

THE NEWEST JOURNALIST.

THE Newest Journalist went to bed,
To sleep and dream, and dreamed he was dead.
The thing that passed for his soul went straight
And gave his name at the heavenly gate;
The porter told him he "need not wait."
The Newest Journalist took his cue —
That was no place for "an interview."
Heaven, he reckoned, was slow and dull,
Where all was decent and beautiful,
With never a fake, or scoop, or pull.
The Newest Journalist went below
As deep as the elevators go.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

He boldly strode to the door and rang ;
A brazen wicket oped with a clang.
Old Satan looked at the stranger's card ;
His face grew dark and his voice grew hard ;
He ordered the gates to be doubly barred.
“ Go back,” he said, “ to your proper sphere ;
You serve me better on earth than here.
Moreover — perhaps we cut it fine —
But since the days of those Gadarene swine,
We devils have had to draw the line.”

MIRTH AND GRAVITY.

ONCE Mirth and Gravity together
Went walking in the April weather.

Sun shone, and Gravity in sorrow
Foresaw that it would rain to-morrow.

It rained, and, "Every pretty flower,"
Said Mirth, "is fairer for a shower."

Half through their pilgrimage they parted,
Mirth trudging in the rain light-hearted,

While Gravity, 'mid sunlight shining,
Went on his weary way repining.

Moral : No weather yet invented
Will make a pessimist contented.

THE AVENGING BROTHERHOOD.

ME and Johnny and Shorty Clay
Made up our minds we'd run away,
To go killing Injuns out on the plains,
And highway-robbering houses and trains,
And it was especially understood
We must be "The Avenging Brotherhood;"
For that was the name of the pirate band
In the "Demon Corsair of Newfoundland."
They made me captain, for I had a gun,
But you know it wasn't a truly one,
And Shorty had only a wooden dirk,
And Johnny a pistol that wouldn't work.
Saturday noon we ran away,
Me and Johnny and Shorty Clay.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

We walked just ever and ever so far,
Then we hooked a ride on a Bow'ry car.

Says Shorty : " Supposing we rob this train ? "
And I said, " Let's ; " but that Johnny McLane

Had to tumble off in the dirt and bawl,
When his nose wasn't bleeding much at all.

I told him that I never heard before
Of a robber what didn't d'lite in gore.

But he got real mad and says : " I don't care,
I ain't going to play no more — so there ! "

And he just got up and retreated back,
But Shorty and me kept on the track.

We didn't say nothing, till by and by
That Shorty sat down and began to cry —

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Now who ever heard of a pirate bold
A-crying because his hands was cold —

And bound he'd go home for a thing like that,
But a cowardly contradixy cat ?

No, I wasn't a bit afraid ; but how
Could I go ahead when I saw a cow ?

I tell you, if I'd had a sword and gun,
And was up a tree, I'd 'a' made her run :

Or if it was only a grizzly bear,
Or an Injun, you'd see me lift his hair.

And it wasn't the cow what made me cry,
But I just was hungry, and that was why.

I bet you'd 'a' cried if you'd been the same,
And a pleeceman wanted to know your name,

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

And "who you belonged to?" and laughed quite
rude

When you said "the Avenging Brotherhood" —

And he "guessed your pap was laying for you,
And was in the avenging business too."

This Injun-slaying is all very nice,
But you don't catch me a-trying it twice ;

And I don't think much in a Pirate way,
Of fellows like Johnny and Shorty Clay.

A HYMN OF PEACE.

PEACE! Peace! Oh, let us have peace;
Let war and sorrow and discord cease,
While Turkey is gobbling a piece of Greece!

Peace! Peace! let amity reign,
While Cuba is being devoured by Spain
And the Eagle is flapping his wings in vain.

Peace! Peace! Let the farce be played,
While the Boer is caught and neatly flayed
And the Buccaneer plans another raid.

Peace! Peace! Let us smile and wait
While the enemy's guns command our gate;
We can always cry baby and ar-bi-trate!

Peace! Peace! And there's nothing odd
If the Sultan's scourge and the Spaniard's rod
And the Maxim Gun mean the peace of God!

IT IS NOT ALWAYS WINTRY JUNE.

A NEW ZEALAND MADRIGAL.

WHAT though the icy winds of June
Around my cottage sweep and roar,
And bitter blizzards tell that soon
July's deep drifts shall block my door?

Each April leaf that passed away,
Each blade that died on mead and glen,
Each flower slain by cruel May,
December's sun shall see again.

The mild nor'easter's balmy breath
Shall kiss the vale and mountain-side;
The stream by August chilled in death
Shall leap and laugh at Christmas-tide.

Then be of joyful heart, my love;
To hope its tender chords attune;
For as I have remarked above,
It is not always wintry June.

THE ABSENT GHOST.

THERE are spooks and wraiths and gobble-uns
That fill the night with awe;
There are shapes accurst whom no man durst
Portray them, if he saw.

In the gloomy deep of outer Space,
Where Cold and Darkness reign,
There are grewsome Things with obscure wings
That haunt the shoreless main.

We shudder beneath the coverlid
When the Nightmare kneads our breast,
And the Incubus sits down on us,
And the weary are *not* at rest.

But the Spectre drear whom all men fear,
And no eye would fain behold —
At whose step, unheard, the soul is stirred,
And the hottest blood runs cold ;

Who blanches the cheek of fairest hue,
And crumbles the bones like chalk ;
Who turns the merry green-room blue —
Is the Ghost that does not walk.

ON REREADING TÉLÉMAQUE.

“Calypso could not console herself.”

I PLACE thee back upon thy shelf.

O Fénelon, how scant thy knowledge,
Who seemed as Solomon himself
To me, a callow youth at college!

No need to say thou wert a priest;
No need to own that I am human;
Mine this advantage is — at least
I’ve learned the alphabet of Woman.

And yet but half the truth is told:
I do thee wrong, sagacious Mentor,—
Calypso could not be consoled
Until another man was sent her!

ON A BUST OF CUPID.

ARROWS and bow ? *mon cher*, ah no !

On a changé tout cela.

Silver and gold to-day, behold !

Are Cupid's weapons of war.

THE TERRIBLE SURPLUS.

ABUNDANCE clutched, with ruthless hand,
The nation's throat like an iron band ;
Silver rivers with golden sand
Inundated the hapless land

In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Granaries groaned with weight of grain,
Flocks and herds covered hill and plain ;
Oil wells flowed, and every vein
Of mines and minerals swelled the gain

In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Other peoples, more blest than we,
Joyed in their happy bankruptcy ;
Foreign paupers, whose trade was "free,"
Pitied our plethoric misery,

In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Wise physicians of solemn mien,
Quack and regular, fat and lean,
Independent and straight machine,
Gathered round with lancets keen
 To reduce the Terrible Surplus.

But the patient listened and shook his head,
And wouldn't be stripped and put to bed,
And starved and leeches and cupped and bled;
"For," says he, "you fellows that ain't half fed
 Don't know the cure for a Surplus.

"It's exercise that a man should try
When his blood is slow and his skin is dry;
I'll mend my fences, and build 'em high —
The neighbors' critters will find out why,
 If I ketch 'em round my Surplus."

THE WHITE WOLF'S CRY.

WE are the Chosen People — look at the hue of
our skins !

Others are black or yellow — that is because of
their sins.

We are the heirs of ages, masters of every race,
Proving our right and title by the bullet's saving
grace ;

Slaying the naked red man ; making the black our
slave ;

Flaunting our Color in triumph over a world-wide
grave ;

Wearing the lamb's pure vestment to the unsus-
pecting feast ;

Flinging it off to show them the conquering Mark
of the Beast ;

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Unto the tropic Edens, where shame was a thing
unthought,

Bearing the fruit of knowledge with the serpent's
venom fraught.

Indian, Maori, and Zulu; red man, and yellow,
and black,

White are their bones wherever they met with the
White Wolf's pack.

We are the Chosen People — whatever we do is
right —

Feared as men fear the leper, whose skin like our
own is White!

TO HENRY A. McGLENEN, ESQ., ON
HIS 66TH BIRTHDAY.

LORD, how good Fortune loves her own !
Here's Harry — everybody's " Harry " —
While all the world has older grown,
For him the smiling seasons tarry ;
Or if they seem to-day to heed
The almanac, still Fortune fixes
The dice to suit, and makes them read
A lucky throw of double sixes !

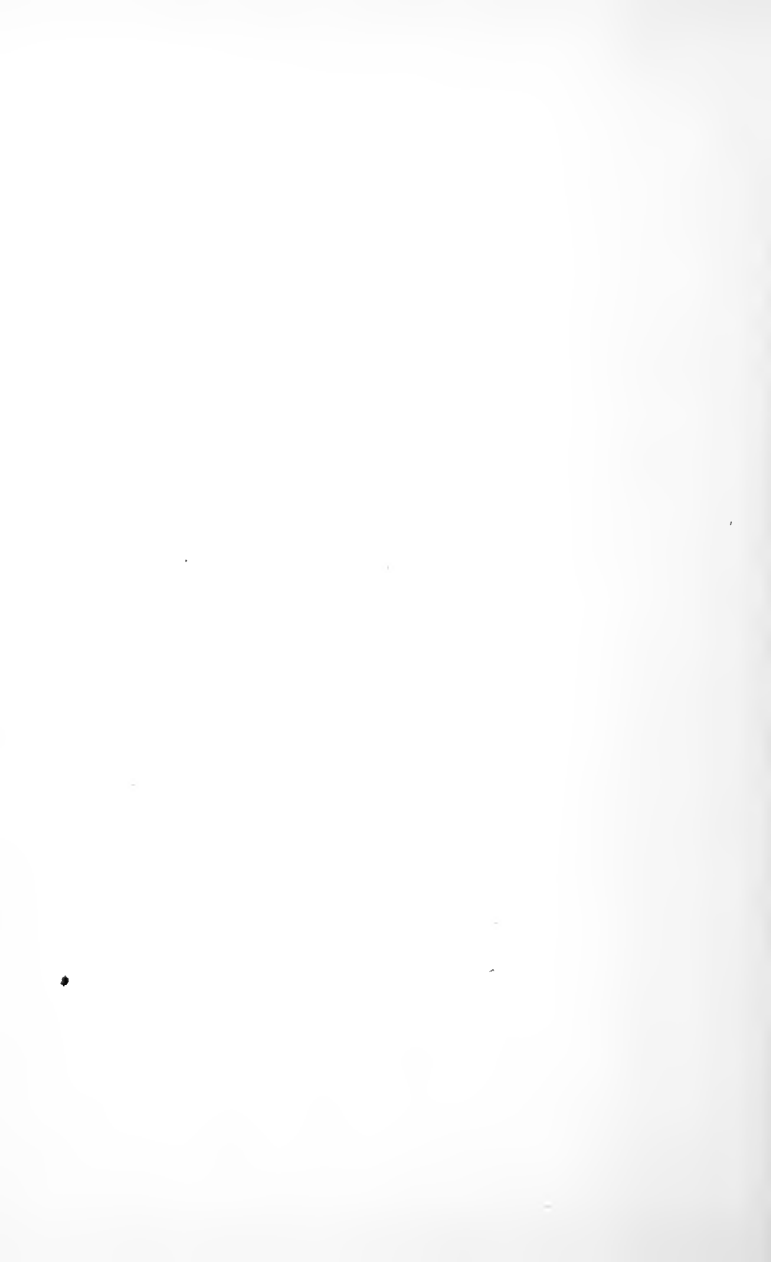
VALENTINE.

GREAT Antony, I drink to thee,
The Roman lover bold,
Who knew the worth of love and earth
And gave the dross for gold.

Rich Antony, I envy thee,
Who hadst a world to stake,
And, win or lose, didst bravely choose
To risk it for Her sake.

Poor Antony, I pity thee,
So small a world was thine
I'd scorn to lay the prize to-day
Before my Valentine !

PAPYRUS POEMS



WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.

(Written for the 20th anniversary of the Papyrus Club,
Boston, Dec. 31, 1892.)

WHEN the world was young and we all were wise —

Too wise to dream it could ever grow old —

We looked on the present with laughing eyes,

Nor cared what the future in store might hold.

We knew, with the wisdom of splendid youth,

That here and now are the first and last :

To-morrow is doubt, but to-day is truth,

And yesterday is the hoary past.

The blood ran free when the world was young ;

There was never a nerve in the hardy frame ;

Man's words flew straight from a single tongue ;

And love or hate was an honest game.

When the world was young — but when was that ?

Ah, that is the secret the old men know :

Whatever their age, or wherever they're "at,"

It was always just twenty years ago.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

If the wisdom of age would only speak,
It would coin you a ninth Beatitude :
“Blest are the young (though they be not meek),
For they know not fear, and they are not
shrewd.”

How we plowed and planted the fertile field,
In the brave, bright springtime long ago !
What a rich, ripe harvest the wild oats yield,
That are always sure, although sometimes slow !

Did we laugh at the beards of our elders then ?
Well, God forgive us ! we did, perhaps.
Laugh at ours now, if you will, young men —
Your sons one day will call *you* “old chaps !”

Give us lowly place in the furthest rear,
But spare the infirmities of age ;
Let the bald heads sit where they all can hear,
When a beautiful spectacle's on the stage.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Don't look for young heads on shoulders bowed
With the weight of years and the daily task :
Don't ask us to feast with the thoughtless crowd,
When a bird and a bottle are all we ask.

But whatever you say, or whatever you think,
Till the young be old, and the old no more,
Give a tender thought, as the Cup you drink,
To the dear dead brothers who've gone before.

So our love as the banyan tree shall grow,
New strength from each fallen bough upsprung,
When to-night shall be "twenty years ago,"
And Papyrus still, as forever, young.

GOOD-BYE TO THE ADMIRAL, HIS
EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR—
GENERAL OF PALAWAN.

AND so you are billed for the Filipinos
And old Palawan shall feel your sway.
Now tell us, who love you, just between us,
Why your ambition runs that way?

Dear old Palawan! How well we know it,
The siren isle of the summer seas!
Nor Admiral, anchorite, or poet
Can ever resist its witcheries.

But you of the frank, entrancing laughter
And the woman eyes, as brave as kind,
Is it a kingdom that you are after?
Tell us the game that's in your mind.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

You are a King at this Court already ;
Papyrus proclaims you all our own ;
What loftier place than to be our “steady”
Grinnelius Rex, and our hearts your throne ?

Should time hang heavy in fair Palawan,—
And it’s monstrous long when you want a dram,—
Get out the materials and brew a sma’ one
With his genial Excellency of Guam.

In matters of diet you must be wary ;
The Army Contractor is in the land :
See that your cold roast missionary
Wasn’t embalmed when he was canned.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

If the heathen rage, they will soon get over
 Their ire when they see the King we've sent ;
Then every one will become your lover,
 Till you really will find embarrassment.

Be you as Solomon wise in ruling ;
 But don't be his pupil in everything :
A hundred wives, under proper schooling,
 Should be comfort enough for any King.

Then women will love you and men will wonder,
 And kids in their glee will wildly yell,
And the populace shout in a voice of thunder,
 " All hail to His Modesty, King Grinnell ! "

WAIT TILL YOU COME TO FORTY
YEAR.

“WAIT till you come to forty year” —
The kindly cynic who told you so
Knew better than you can ever know,
Wise little man of twenty-five,
That never until, if you still survive,
In your decade sixth or seventh, my dear,
Shall you talk of coming to Forty Year,
That looks to you now so old and sere.

Forty year is not four times ten,
If you reckon as wise accountants do;
It is always a lustrum, or maybe two,
Ahead of the age you have just attained;
Meaning experience yet ungained,
Meaning the treasure still unfound,
Where the rainbow's wealth lies underground,
Waiting the quest of unborn men.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Richer than any Klondike find
Is the wealth of wisdom hidden there,
And the pearls of price and the jewels rare,
You will dig them all, if you have the power
To turn the dial back one hour ;
But the golden promise of Forty Year,
It's true fruition you'll find, I fear,
Only by looking, dim-eyed, behind.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

A POEM OF PASSION.

Adapted to latitude 42.21, North ; longitude, 71.3 West.

MY Emerson is on the shelf, my Browning on the
floor ;

The abstract entity of self is lost forevermore.

No sleep at lectures now I take ; in church I
barely doze ;

O'er Tolstoï's page I keep awake, or mildly
comatose.

There comes no salutary balm from psychical
research ;

Theosophy, which once could calm, has left me
in the lurch.

In vain I seek to drown my care in copious
draughts of tea,

At Afternoons and Evenings, where should dwell
philosophy.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

How can I win thy well-kept heart, thy perfect,
pulseless hand ?

Teach me to play a lover's part which thou wilt
understand.

For thee I'd cut my flowing locks, my club, my
nearest friend ;

Buddha abjure, turn Orthodox, abide in the South
End.

Be just like any common man. . . . But, pshaw !
my words are wild ;

I hold the gray Chicagoan below the Boston child.

Some day, when even Ibsen fails to be misunder-
stood,

Thy heart may know what grief assails the Beauti-
ful and Good.

INTERNATIONAL POEMS.

The following stirring lyrics are from the pen of Mr. Calvin K. Branigan, who is, undoubtedly, the poet laureate of the Scotch-Irish race. Should he live, as he has never yet succeeded in doing, he will be the greatest bard of the greatest race that never existed. We understand that he contemplates soon bringing out his complete poems in a limited edition of one million copies, for sale only to subscribers and others.

THE GATHERING OF THE SCOTCH-
IRISH CLANS.

ARE ye gangin' to the meetin', to the meetin' o' the
clans,

With your tartans and your pibrochs and your bon-
nets and brogans ?

There are Neeleys from New Hampshire and Mul-
ligans from Maine,

McCarthys from Missouri and a Tennessee Mc-
Shane.

Kelleys, Caseys, Dunns, and Daceys, by the dozen
and the score,

And Merguires and Mawhinneys, and two
"Obrions" or more.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

There are Cochranes (born Corcoran) as polished
as you please,
And Kenyons who were Keenans, and Murphys,
now Murfrees.

And we'll sit upon the pint-stoup and we'll talk of
auld lang syne
As we quaff the flowing haggis to our lasses' bon-
nie eyne.

And we'll join in jubilation for the thing that we
are not ;
For we say we arn't Irish, and God knows we
arn't Scot.

LAMENT OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH
EXILE.

OH, I want to win me hame
 To my ain countrie,
The land frae whence I came
 Far away across the sea ;
But I canna find it there, on the atlas anywhere,
And I greet and wonder sair
 Where the deil can it be ?

I hae never met a man
 In a' the warld wide
Who has trod my native lan'
 Or its distant shores espied ;
But they tell me there's a place where my hypo-
 thetic race
Its dim origin can trace—
 Tipperary-on-the-Clyde.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

/ But anither answers : “ Nae,
 Ye are varra far frae richt ;
Glasgow Town in Dublin Bay
 Is the spot we saw the licht.”
But I dinna find the maps bearing out these pawkie
 chaps,
And I sometimes think perhaps
 It has vanished out o’ sight.

Oh, I fain wad win me hame
 To that undiscovered lan’
That has neither place nor name
 Where the Scoto-Irishman
May behold the castles fair by his fathers builded
 there
Many, many ages ere
 Ancient history began.

YACHTING YARNS.

Mr. Branigan took a deep interest in the several contests for the "America's" Cup, always chivalrously espousing the side of the challenger.

ODE TO LIEUT. HENN.

WITH A VALUABLE 'INT.

LEFTENANT 'N, O Leftenant 'N!

'Ave the bloomin' Hamericans scooped us again?
And 'ow

Did they manage to do it? By 'ook or by crook,
Or by making some blawsted Hamerican fluke,
Or row?

It cawnt be supposed as they'd know what to do
In a yacht, 'aving honly their native canoe;
But Y

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Don't 'Er Majesty's Government take this thing
hup,

And call hout the fleet to recover that Cup?
It's 'igh

Time the Yankees should know it's 'Er Majesty's
hown,

Which to give away hanythink never was known,
Much less

A harticle worth sev'ral pound at the mint —
In their hown beastly dialect, "this is an 'int,
I guess."

THE LAMENT O' THE THISTLE.

“Now, wha will sail a bonnie boat
Across the saut sea faem,
A race to rin, a prize to win,
To bring the Queen's Cup hame ?

“There's muckle siller to be had,
And red, red gowd beside ;
The Queen will na' forget the lad
That saves auld England's pride.”

Then up and spake a skipper bauld,
In Aberdeen was born :
“It's weel I lo'e the red, red gowd,
And siller dinna scorn ;

“And for Her Gracious Majestie,
And for auld Scotia's fame,
And for a sma' retainin' fee,
I'se bring yon goblet hame.”

But when the Queen she heard 'o this,
The tears ran down her face ;
“Sae douce a lad is sure amiss
In sic a lowly place.

“Gin he but bring the trophy back,
My gillie he maun be” —
And then she thocht o’ Brown, alack !
Her grief was sair to see.

But sune she dried her bonnie een,
And pu’d her sporran oot —
The courtiers cried, “God save the Queen !
She’s daft ayont a doot.”

Syne she has ta’en a saxpence braid :
“Gie this to him frae me ;
There’s twal braw happennies,” she said,
“And they shall be his gree.”

And sae, wi’ treasure laden deep
The Thistle sailed awa’ :
“Gude lack !” the Seendicate did threap,
“She’ll whup the Yankees a’ !”

We thocht the Yankee coofs to fule
Wi’ sklentín’ measurement,
And gied our words — but faith the rule
And tape said different.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

We offered bets wad mak ye stare,
Wi' odds of ane to three
(Because they wadna' gie us mair),
Sae confident were we.

But oh ! the bonnie dollars past
Till foreign han's awa !
And oh ! the foreign winds sae fast
That gar't us rin sae slaw !

Wae worth the day our canny plans
Mishanter cam' atween !
Sair be our hearts, and toom our han's,
And saxpenceless our Queen !

TO HIS LORDSHIP WYNDHAM THOM-
AS WYNDHAM QUIN, EARL
OF DUNRAVEN.

O WYNDHAM Thomas Wyndham Quin !
O Wyndham Thomas Wyndham !
O Wyndham Thomas Wyndham Quin !
O Windy, Windy, Windy !

THE GREAT DRIFTING MATCH.

BY A FOC'S'LE HAND.

COME, all ye gallant sailor-men, and yachting men
also,

And listen to the story of what happened long ago,
When Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock" she was
towed across the seas

For to meet the yacht "Columbia" in any kind
of breeze.

But yo, heave ho! and they crawl so slow
That the race is anybody's as they drifting go.

They pointed up to windward and they drifted
down to lee,

And they made a knot an hour when they trav-
elled fast and free,

Till Sir Thomas swore at last, "This don't suit
me to a T.,

The Yankee Weather Bureau is a-playing it on
me."

But he couldn't understand, for a foreigner was
he,

That our Weather Bureau news must be read
by contraree.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Now the hours grew into days, into weeks and
months and years,
And the big yachts drifted leeward into other hem-
ispheres,—
To the dead Sargasso Sea, where a bellows would-
n't blow
And they make a knot a year when they aren't
going slow.

But I can sing no more; for my yarn it is
spinned,
And my pockets tell me sore that it's time to
raise the wind.
All my money is locked up, betting on that race
of yore;
And the yachtsmen and the yachts we shall
never see them more.

IS THIS THE HEND?

[H. B. M. Minister Sackville West, dismissed Oct. 30, 1888.]

WELL, things 'ave come to a pretty state,
Hi should say!

Hif a British Minister cawnt dictate
To a blooming Yankee, at this 'ere date
And time of day!

'Aven't we halways been on 'and,
In hevery clime,
Making our neighbors hunderstand
That we run this universe, sea and land,
By Greenwich time?

W'en they've been in 'ardships, once or twice,
And 'ad it rough,
Did they find us backward or hover-nice
In giving 'em censure and good hadvice,
And now and again a cuff,

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

To let 'em know that a watchful hey
 Forever glows
With the fire of a mission pure and 'igh
Of poking hinto their family pie
 A Mother's nose ?

'Aven't we freely spoke our mind
 Unto their face ?
To Yankee failings of hany kind
'Ave we hever been deaf, or dumb, or blind ?
 Show me a case !

'Ave they forgotten hall the years
 We stood their friend ? —
The money we've spent on privateers ?
The paupers we've sent 'em, and bankrupt peers ?—
 Is this the hend ?

TO UNCLE PAUL KRUGER.

KEEP your powder good and dry, Oom Paul ;
Never close your weather eye, Oom Paul ;
Have your rifle clean and bright ;
Look to fore and after sight.
They are planning day and night —
You will need to watch them all,
Oom Paul.

Shoot to kill 'em when you shoot, Oom Paul ;
They are coming for the loot, Oom Paul.
They'll be gathering you in,
Just as sure as sin is sin,
For they know you have the "tin" —
You must battle for it all,
Oom Paul.

Then get out your little gun, Oom Paul ;
For you don't know how to run, Oom Paul.
Don't discuss about the right,
When a rattlesnake's in sight,
And his pizen head shows fight.
Don't you do a thing at all —
Not a t'ing to him at all,
Oom Paul.

TO LADYSMITH.

O LADYSMITH, O Ladysmith !

Has Uncle Kruger's cowhide boot
Jumped on the lovely British myth

That Dutchmen don't know how to shoot ?

When Robert Toombs said, "Yankee boys

In warlike sports have no discerning,"

A grim Confed., who heard their noise

And felt their shots, said, "Wal, they're learn-
ing."

So Lady, gentle Ladysmith !

(I love your sweet, romantic name)

Pack up your traps and start forthwith,

For bitter war is now the game.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Paul Kruger has no suitor's voice;
And, if he loves a single flower,
The scarlet-runner is his choice;
The flying redcoat decks his bower.

So, Ladysmith, dear Ladysmith,
Don't think that British valor's "in it,"
Those blooming Boers would knock the pith
Out of a crowbar in a minute.

BABYLON.

[The excuse for including this serious poem in a book of light verse is that some British critics have thought that by "Babylon" the author meant England! The London *Spectator*, reviewing Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Younger American Poets," selects it as the only poem in the collection possessing "vitality," and says: "There is a certain rhetorical vigor about the poem which makes it worth notice. The author seems to have dipped his pen in perfumed vitriol. If, however, he can manage to maintain the literary standard he here attains, no Englishman will, we feel sure, grudge him the right to call England as many names as he pleases." The *Saturday Review* explains the animus of the poem by saying that the author is an ex-political prisoner found guilty of treason felony—all of which has made a grave subject suddenly humorous and, so, eligible for this collection.]

HER robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

The V-A-S-E & Other Bric-à-Brac

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the World's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wrested toll of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and the West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy,—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

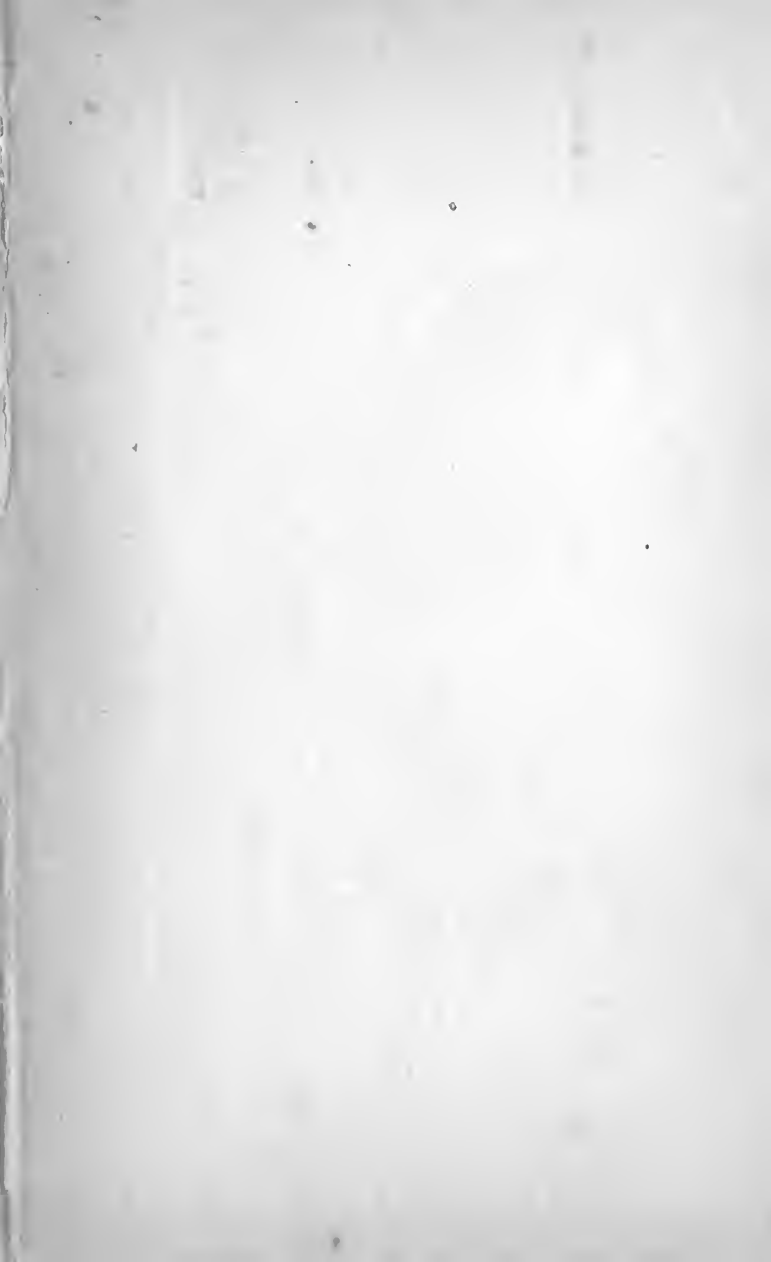
PRINTED BY GEO. H. ELLIS
AT 272 CONGRESS STREET
BOSTON, FOR RICHARD
G. BADGER & CO., PUBLISHERS
BOSTON

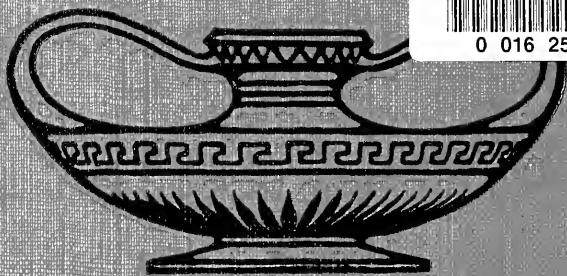






DEC 20 1899





THE VASE

& Other Bric-a-Brac

By James Jeffrey Roche